

hundreds to headquarters. Two from Harriet and Hally Smith are given below. These children were sent badges and enrolled as "members in good standing."

My dear Sun Shine: I inclose eight stamps. I inclose 6 cents of this as a present to Sun Shine. I hope the Blind Babies had a nice time in country. I hope you can take them again next summer. I am going to start school the 25th of September. I had a fine time on the mountain. Dick and I gathered gal half of chinquapins. Please put me on blind babies sustaining fund. Your little unknown friend,

Harriet Smith, Elkin, N. C.

Dear Sunshine: I inclose 10 cents in stamps for the sustaining fund. I went off on a big camping trip the first of July, and had a fine time. And I for Got my money for Sunshine, but I am not going to forget to send it any more. Your little friend,

Hallie Smith, Elkin, N. C.

These letters are printed just as they came. We wish the children were here a day to really and truly enter into the Blind Babies' "fun," for they have a lot of it.

Pennsylvania.

Six little girls from Brooklyn, headed by Dorothy Vernon Smith and joined by a lot of young girls in Stroudsburg, Pa., worked up a Sunshine fair, and turned in a \$60 check, which helped out the Fresh Air fund. It will be remembered that Sunshine headquarters took care of 20 to 30 children a week during the summer time.

Some of the branch presidents may forget that their branches have not been re-enrolled since the annual meeting in May. Unless a report asked for re-enrollment comes in, or a report of work done is sent in showing the activity of the branch, no card is put in the new cabinet. In this way the general office carries no dead branches from year to year. Sending out notices to branches that have died would be quite expensive, for every stamp is treasured. A circular letter notice will be sent out this month to every president who has failed to re-enroll her branch. If you happen to be one of those presidents for the sake of having your work properly recorded at headquarters, don't fail to send immediate information, as requested. That is, list of officers, the number of members and the work outlined for the fall and winter.

I call attention to the above in hopes that all who are or deserve to become Sunshine members in our State, as individual members—one kindness (daily) members, and branches, will send some message or report to be sent to headquarters in New York this month. I wish to set on foot much more extended work than ever before, to help individuals to a wheel chair for the State perhaps, or the city at least. A piano now standing unused in some home would be a means of making headquarters more wonderful. I hope they will be a resting place to many this coming winter. As ideas crowd they will be duly presented. It is not well for the State president to have entire control—she should enlist others; call for aid from their abundance, teach them to express sentiments which only need a suggestion to be turned to good account, call forth talents, and by so doing induce many to help in scattering sunshine. The suggestion with regard to booklets and covers has induced some daughters to busily prepare them for Christmas gifts.

MRS. BRADT.



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AGENTS WANTED

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Billy and the Hindoo Seer.

BY WILLIAM H. HAMBY.

Billy had paid no attention to the Hindu Seer, and probably never would had it not been for Mary.

Returning from the field at noon, he came upon that young lady under the willows down by the spring, crying like a school-girl that has just discovered her idol is brass. Billy cleared his throat two or three times, got down on his hands and knees and drank from the spring, then sat down on a rock and awaited developments.

"What seems to be the matter?" he asked when the last smothered sob had trailed off into dewey silence.

"Nothing," answered Mary, drying her eyes on the corner of her apron.

"What folks usually cry about," said Billy dryly. "What do you think is the matter?"

"I don't think," flared up Mary, "I know it."

"What?" asked Billy.

"It's about Sam," she replied, showing signs of a relapse.

Billy took out his knife and began trimming at idly. Where there are symptoms of tears it is always best to wait, you will have to any way.

With a little wordless coaxing Billy got the whole story.

Sam was Mary's sweetheart, and they were to be married in the fall. The Hindu Seer had told her that her lover was false, that he really loved a girl in town.

"Pshaw!" said Billy, picking at the earth on his boots with the end of the willow stick. "Sam's all right."

"Now, Uncle Billy, you needn't try to smooth things; it is so. He hasn't missed it on any one else, and I just know what he said about Sam is true. Another thing that proves it is, he had a letter last Sunday from Sarvis Point, and he wouldn't tell me what was in it nor who it was from. And I'll never go with him again as long as I live."

Billy got up and went to the house without arguing the matter.

"Bob," he said to the hired man, "you go ahead with the work this evening. I've got a little knockin' around to do."

There was an unusually large crowd in the shade of the big oak back of the blacksmith shop. Some were waiting for horses to be shod or ploughs to be mended, but most of them were there to talk about the Hindu Seer.

Billy sat down against the tree and leisurely fanned himself with his slouch hat, as he listened to the stories of the Seer's wonderful power.

Stories of how he had told that Mrs. Hobbs had a relative that died of a lingering illness, that Miss Combs had passed through a great sorrow, that Edna Carter was to take a long journey, and similar stock prophecies passed unheeded. It was when Deacon Wade gave his experience that Billy's interest was so far aroused that he quit fanning, rested his hat on his knee, and squinted his left eye thoughtfully.

"I never believed much in spirits," said the Deacon, "but that fellow can shore tell some mighty queer things. He told me I had buried somethin' valuable, and it was stole by a tall man with sandy hair and cross eyes."

"As a matter of fact, I done that very thing. Eight years ago last September I sold a span of mules for three hundred dollars, and that evenin' I got to worryin' about robbers and hid it by that old Jonathan apple tree. The next morning it was gone. Tim Runyon and Claud Tayer were the only ones in the neighborhood that knew I had the money, and Tim was tall and was red-headed and had cross eyes."

"Wasn't it funny though," said Tarheel Jones, "how he hit it on old man Sawyer. The Hindu had called for any body that wanted to, to come up,

and that fisty old cuss hops up, wagging his head and winking right and left, and marched up to the platform.

"The Prophet shet his eyes and waved his hands before him a few times old Sawyer stood there winkin' like a pup with its eyes jest open. 'I see,' said the Hindu, 'four wives. One was worked to death, one starved to death, one died to get away from you, and the other—' and before he could finish, old Sawyer was wavin' his arms and sayin, 'You're a liar and a humbug, liar and a humbug!'"

"Nobody knowed before that old Sawyer had been married but twice, bue he owned up afterwards, and told that Claud Tayer that run away, was his step-son by his second wife."

"The queerest thing," said Todd, who was never interested in anything until it became a "payin insitooshun," "was how he told Granny Stewart where her lost spoons were. They'd been gone eight years, and she went right home and found them exactly where he said."

"Ain't any quarer that what he told me," said Dodson, a fellow who had had never had much faith in anything before but mules. "They kept after me to have my fortune told, and I went to him, and, says I, 'Old man, if you will tell me where my lost log chain is, I'll give you a dollar to tell my fortune.' He kinder shut his eyes and weaved back and fourth a few times and said, 'In the corner of a low-land pasture where an old straw stack stands. I go fifty steps, and there at the root of a tree I see a chain buried under loose bark.' Well, I'll be durned, if I didn't find that log chain right there at the roots of that tree."

"It had been lost eight years the seventeenth of last May. I remember, me and Bob Stewart and Claud Tayer were hauling some logs, and when we went to load Friday mornin' the chain was gone, and we had to quit until I went to town and got another."

Billy heard other stories at the post-office, and at the squire's office, and when he joined the group waiting their turn at the mill, still the only subject of conversation was the Hindu Seer.

Everywhere he went he found the story was continued, and everybody asked what he thought of it. In reply he merely squinted his left eye; and shook his head in a way that implied he might have an opinion later. He was urged to come and be convinced, as even one else who doubted had, and he said he thought he would come out.

Although it had been but seven days since the Seer had pitched his tent in the grove of Buckey Bridge, the stories of his marvellous revelations of the past, and his prophecies of the future had spread until the plough boy fifteen miles away, stopped at the pasture bars to discuss with the milk maid the wonderful fortune-teller down at the Bridge.

Hard-hearted old fellows who even doubted that a message can be sent on a telegraph wire, became firmly convinced that the Hindu had direct communication with heaven. Stingy ones that kept a fire all night in June to save matches, cheerfully paid their dollar to learn the mysteries of the future.

Stories of rappings, of signs, of omens and ghosts that had long since been laid by skepticism, came back to memory and were eagerly told and seriously believed.

Every night the crowds increased, every day the excitement grew more feverish. Women became nervous, men superstitious, and children afraid of the shadows. The country was in awe, filled with the vague unrest of mystery.

Billy had accumulated all the information he could second hand, and decided to go near for himself Friday night.

It was a clear moonlight night, and the crowd, which had begun to gather soon after sundown, steadily increased. The grove was filled of buggies, wagons and horses, and still the rattle of wagons and the whirl of buggies from every direction.

The word quickly passed that Billy Houch was there, and the interest doubled. Billy's reluctance to accept the Hindu's prophecies as direct revelations from the spirit world, had been the one thorn in the heel of the Seer's followers. Now that he was there he should be convinced in a way that would conquer his unbelief for all time.

Billy has come early and taken a seat near the center of the out tents, which was almost as large as a circus ring, and contained seats for nearly a thousand people.

At the east end was a raised platform from which the Seer gave public readings free. At one side of the stage a door opened into a passage way, which led to the Hindu's gorgeously furnished tent, where private readings were given at one dollar per revelation.

The attendant came to the front of the stage and raised his hand for silence. The red curtain over the door of the passage way parted, and a tall, majestic figure with flowing beard, white as snow, a turban on his head, and a rich Oriental robe over his shoulders came forward and ascended the stage. The lights were so arranged that the audience was in the full glare, while the stage was in semi-darkness.

The attendant made the usual announcements, and asked for volunteers. Several came forward, and one at a time their past and future were revealed to the audience, which listened with the profoundest awe.

After waiting several turns for Billy to go forward the crowd could no longer restrain its impatience. Some one called "Billy Houch!" and the call "Billy!" "Billy!" was then up all over the tent and even echoed from the outside.

The attendant lifted his hand for silence, and asked if the gentleman called would not come forward.

Billy stood up and the crowd began to cheer, but he did not go forward. When silence was restored, he said:

"Fellow-citizens, you know I ain't much of a believer in fortune-tellin', but I'm willin' to be convinced. I'm willin' to give it a fair trial. Now this man never saw me before, and I'll let him tell my fortune if he will let me tell one. We'll ask Judge Davis of Sarvis Point to call out some man I never saw before, and if I don't hit it as well as this man does on me then I'll give up. Ain't that fair?" The attendant started to protest, but the proposition had caught the audience, and the Hindu nodded his approval.

Billy was seated on the platform with his back to the audience. The Seer stood up before him and majestically waved his hand before his face, and began, in a dreamy voice, to reveal Billy's history.

His story of Billy's past was remarkably accurate, and at several points was so diverting that the crowd roared with delight. Some revelations were decidedly embarrassing, but Billy never flinched, never moved a muscle until the reading was finished.

The Hindu resumed his seat, and Billy arose and indicated to Judge Davis that he was ready.

The Judge announced that as it was known that neither Billy nor the Seer had ever met before, that it seemed most appropriate that Billy tell the fortune of the Hindu Seer.

For a moment the audience was stricken dumb with the audacity of the suggestion, but seeing how Billy had been trapped, they broke into a long, hearty laugh.

They grew instantly quiet. Billy offered the Seer the chair near the edge of the stage. Surely he was not going to try it!